

## The Seventh Circle

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## The Seventh Circle

by [FrankieQuinn13](#)

### Summary

A night out in Knockturn Alley forces the Marauders to look at their resident Slytherin Bat in a different light, inspiring them (or more specifically James) to do something drastic

### Notes

A/N:

This is a long one

The characters are a little more OOC than I normally write, the consent will be dubious as fuck – thought there isn't really any sex in this – and well, the marauders are doing things they really ought not be doing. Some Marauders and Dumbledore bashing but that was unavoidable for the tone I was going for. This is really more crack than anything else but I felt like doing something fun for this post.

I've been meaning to do an omega verse story for Severus for a while now, a few years actually (if Gaaraxnaru is reading this, yes, I still totally remember the James/Severus

request, I'll post it soon as its done. I'll try to get it up before the end of the year. I swear I'm not doing this on purpose).

I've been meaning to do an omega verse fic for Severus with the Marauders but up until this point I haven't really figured out a setup I liked for it. This is not it, again, I just wanted to do something kind of cracky so here we are.

Oh yeah, the Marauders also use a Deep Sleep potion instead of Dreamless sleep draught or Draught of the living Death because I wanted to meddle with the properties of the potions a bit for the sake of convenience.

Deep Sleep potion, puts the subject to sleep and has the unfortunate side effect of effecting memory retention. Subjects that ingest the potion often don't remember anything from an hour before they drink it. Also, it knocks them out for eight hours from the moment of ingestion

Marauders/Severus. Rosier/Sev (I'm really into this ship these days), Rodolphus/Sev, Avery/Sev

Apologies spelling, grammar and OOCness

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter or any of its characters

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Hurry up!”

There was a bit of scuffling, a bit of grunting and a lot of complaining as they dragged the three students into the empty classroom, checked one more time that the Deep Sleep potion they snuck from Slughorn's supply was still working and then quickly shut the door of the abandoned classroom behind them before locking it.

James let out a heavy sigh as he tugged at his clothes, trying to make sure they fit the right way while Remus did the same and Sirius complained.

“Bloody hell, who knew Lestrangle was so fucking heavy.

“If it was that bad then you could have just used a levitation charm.” James said as he pulled the cloak around his shoulders. “Now stop complaining, we'll be late if we don't get going, it's nearly eight.”

“This is a terrible idea.” Remus said even as he pulled his own cloak around his shoulders, “We should just put their clothes back and get out of here before we get into trouble.”

James hissed, “It's too late now, we have to finish this.”

“But-“

“Its for the best Moony.” Sirius said as he pulled on his own cloak, “This is the only way we'll finally get rid of Snape.”

“If you left him alone then he wouldn't care about anything we did. None of this would be

necessary.” Remus hissed back before letting out a sigh, “Besides what if something goes wrong? What if Snape figures us out?”

“Honestly Moony, the greasy bat isn’t that smart.” Sirius rolled his eyes, “Nothing will go wrong.”

“Alright then what if things go right? What if we end up actually going to this meeting and... *he’s* there?”

James and Sirius both seemed to pause, the Gryffindor chaser swallowed hard. “Then... then it’ll be perfect. We’ll have the proof we need to finally prove that lot is dark.”

“James-“

“Remus, this is the only way. Now if you want to back out and stay here you can. But I’m sticking to the plan. Sirius?”

The Animagus paused before giving a nod, “Yeah, absolutely, I’m in.”

They both looked back at Remus who let out a heavy sigh, “Fine. Let’s go.”

James nodded at them and turned, “They’re supposed to be meeting at the library.”

“Why the library?”

“I think I might know.” Remus let out a deep breath, “I heard there was a secret exit in the library. Apparently, you can use it to get to Diagon Alley.”

Sirius turned to look at the werewolf as they kept walking, “You knew about a secret exit from school and you didn’t tell us?”

“I did tell you; you didn’t care remember?” Remus said dully, “You said you’d rather eat your own leg then spend hours in the library looking for anything for any reason.”

Sirius started to pout, “Well, you could have been a bit more insistent on it.”

Remus scoffed while James rolled his eyes, “I’m more concerned about where they’re going. Why wear these clothes to meet with you-know-who?”

Remus shrugged, “I don’t know, which is exactly why this is such a bad idea. We don’t know anything about what’s happening or even what we’re going to get once we get there. All we know are rumours.”

“That’s enough for now Moony.” James said with finality, “Right now we should just make sure we can keep Snape convinced.”

The Marauders went quiet in silent contemplation as they made their way through the halls. It was late, Saturday night so hopefully they wouldn’t run into too many students on their way to the library. None of them would know what to do if they got caught the way they were but it was worth the risk.

There had been rumours all over the school about Evan Rosier, Rodolphus LeStrange, William Avery and Severus Snape and their supposed illicit activities on the last Saturday night of every month. Apparently, these four students would sneak out of the castle on the last Saturday night of every month. *Apparently* when they got back, they’d be exhausted, almost comatose and sometimes looking slightly ill. There were many rumours about exactly what these Slytherin

students were doing that left them looking so drained the next day, but there's only one rumour that caught the Marauders attention.

*"It's sixth year, you know what that means right? They might be meeting with you-know-who. That's when he starts recruiting."*

There had been *other* rumours before. About how the Dark Lord would try and entice sixth year students to join his cause. How he'd spend the entire year seducing them with all sorts of promises and dark dreams so that they'd be begging to take the mark by the time they graduated in their seventh year. He'd have them showcase their talents to him and had them doing tasks in the name of proving that they were worthy of joining his following and so they'd look a little worse for wear the next day.

So, when that particular group started disappearing and disappeared so regularly and came back looking the way they did, that seemed like the only logical explanation in James' mind. Sirius agreed with him and Remus couldn't deny that it was very suspicious. Especially since Rosier, Avery and LeStrange seemed to close ranks around Snape less than a year ago.

It was an odd tight group. They rarely ever let anyone else even get close, to the point where the marauders had barely even gotten the chance to prank Snivellus as of late. Tossing Snape's bag in the lake was the best Sirius could manage before his *friends* showed up. They figured that the others were already planning on taking the mark and were so protective of Snape because they were still trying to get him on board.

It made sense, which is why James, Sirius and Remus decided to finally step in. They weren't trying to save the slimy prat or anything like that, it just seemed like the perfect opportunity to finally prove to everyone what they already knew to be true. That Snivellus Snape was a dirty evil Death Eater in the making who deserves all the punishment he receives at the hands of the marauders.

You see some of the student body was getting rather tired of their pranks; a bit bored and annoyed and some started to actively speculate over why they were so insistent on meddling with the boy.

*"Look, I'm not trying to defend Snape or anything it's just...it's weird isn't it, how focused they are on him?"*

Dumbledore had given them an oddly stern scolding after their last prank of the Slytherin as he also questioned why they haven't just left Snape alone yet.

*"You're sixth years, you're about to graduate, surely you've grown tired of this silly school yard rivalry."*

But the one person that James really cared about was Lily. Despite the fact that she and Snape didn't really talk or associate with each other anymore, the girl still seemed put off by their behaviour.

*"I'd never be with someone who bullies others simply because he could."*

That's why they needed to do this. That's why they needed proof, because at this point, they're the ones that are starting to look like the villains while Snivellus looks like the big nosed martyr unjustly pursued by a group of hideous monsters. Of course, there are other reasons why they're doing this.

Sirius was curious to know what they were up to. After seeing them together in the hallways and in

the library, in the great halls during meals; he's become acutely aware of Regulus'... affections for the slimy bat. And if Snivellus was going dark then wouldn't there be a risk that Reg might be headed that way too?

He needed to know for sure.

Remus didn't seem to want to be involved in anyway whatsoever, but he knew that if he wasn't there, then there would be no one around to stop James and Sirius from doing something too stupid. He hasn't been able to stop them before and every day that he accepts their behaviour and lets them keep doing the things that they do, he feels like even more of a coward. Even though he's never done anything to Snape himself, he's well aware that his silent presence was more than enough to gain his ire. And after the incident at the shack...

These rumours might be nothing more than rumours. Snape could be completely innocent in all this. If nothing else, he wants to make sure they don't get the Slytherin killed, even if he has to protect Snape himself. He knows James and Sirius would never stoop to committing murder, but after the incident last year... he can't be sure they won't do it by accident either. It's a terrible thought, but he doesn't trust them where Severus Snape is concerned. Not anymore.

There's one more reason motivating James in his actions and that's his parents.

They were growing older, having had him at a late age, he knew that realistically they didn't have a lot of time left. Not that they were knocking on death's door or anything like that but James hoped that they could see him married before they died, that they'd at least be able to hold one of their grandchildren before passing on.

James had often talked to them about starting a family, having plenty of kids and a loving partner at his side. His parents would indulge him, dreaming about what their grandchildren would look like and what he could name them. But they are getting older and James' mother had hinted at him getting married soon since he'd started bringing Lily up in conversation some time ago.

*"Maybe Fleamont and I should see about getting a contract arranged for you and this Evans girl."* She'd teased with a warm smile on her face.

He wanted his parents to see him happy and with a family of his own, but with the way things stood between him and Lily; he wasn't sure if he'd be able to make that happen. Lily had made it clear that his behaviour with her ex-best friend had her very discouraged against having any kind of a romantic relationship with him.

James had tried without much success to try and just stay out of Snape's way but somehow it seemed impossible. Things would be going well; he'd go a few days without even glancing in the Slytherin's direction and then suddenly something would happen. He'd catch sight of Snape in the hallways or out in the courtyard or just somewhere in his general vicinity and then...

Bad things would happen.

He couldn't stop. So, he decided to go with what he considered to be the easy route and just prove to everyone that he was completely justified in his actions. He'd prove that Snivellus was evil and corrupt, maybe he'd even get the prat expelled from school. Either way this was the easiest way to go about it.

He'd prove Snape was evil, Lily would realise he was right, Snape would be out of all their lives and he'd be that much closer to his dream. A loving wife and a wonderful family.

Right

A loving wife.

Lily would make for a wonderful lady Potter. Even though she's a beta, James had no doubt in his mind that they would be happy together. She's beautiful, smart, charming, gets along with everyone she meets. She's perfect.

She really is... only-

James can't deny that he's been having doubts about Lily as of late. Not that there was anything wrong with her no, she was perfect. But there was something missing with their connection; a spark, a fire, something... more. Maybe-

Maybe he could wait a bit, maybe once he and Lily officially start dating that spark would come alive and burn bright, maybe not right away but, eventually right?

But James dismissed these feelings. Honestly, he couldn't find a more perfect match for him if he tried and as previously discussed, he's on a bit of a deadline. Wouldn't it be awful for him to later realise that these silly misplaced thoughts were just silly misplaced thoughts? Wouldn't he regret it immensely if he stalled out on his plans with Lily and waited until it was too late?

No, it's best that they do this now.

After finding out as much as they could about these Death Eater rumours the marauders put their plan into effect.

The first thing they had to do was sneak into the potions lab and get into Slughorn's stores. Three vials of Polyjuice potion, three vials of deep sleep draught, three scent changers and another vile of poison. Those last one was there just in case they needed it.

Friday, they heard Rosier and Avery discussing their plans to leave the next night.

*"We'll leave around eight, Severus said he wanted to get back early for some reason."*

*Avery rolled his eyes, "Probably plans on getting up early to start studying again."*

*Rosier gave a smirk, "I don't think that's what it is. You know our Sev always full of surprises."*

*"Oh?" Avery started to grin a little as well, "Then maybe we should just stay in all together."*

*"We can't do that, you-know-who won't be pleased. Besides, I already promised Sev."*

*Avery scoffed, "Fine."*

*"Severus said he'd meet us in the library. Tell Rodolphus, I don't want to have to go get him again like last time."*

And so, the plan was set, and with the discussion of you-know-who, even Remus was having doubts about Snape's innocence.

They snuck into the dungeons and managed to catch the three Slytherin alphas off guard, got the deep sleep draught down their throats and dragged them into the nearest empty classroom.

James is grateful they decided to get that part of the plan done a bit earlier. The three Slytherin didn't make it easy for them, Rosier managed to put up quite a fight. After that they had to ready

the Polyjuice. James took on Rosier's appearance, Sirius became Rodolphus and Remus took the potion to look like Avery. After that the only other problem was dealing with their scents.

As far as they knew Snape was a beta, but even betas can sense the scents of alphas and omegas, Polyjuice potion unfortunately didn't help much with that. That's why they had the scent changers.

A drop of blood into each vile of potion and they also managed to get the Slytherin's scents as well. It helped that the Marauders were all alphas as well. But Remus warned them after having spent a week doing a bit of research on the potion.

*"It only works as a mask and a superficial one at that. If we start leaking pheromones the potion won't be able to hide it and we'll be caught."*

James didn't see that as much of a problem. They all had decent control over their pheromones and with Snivellus being well... Snivellus, he couldn't see a situation in which it could become a problem.

After dealing with the scents they changed clothes and James could admit that the Slytherin's choice of clothing had him also feeling a bit concerned.

If they were going to meet with their precious Dark Lord then they'd want to wear their best robes, right? Why try to leave the castle in muggle clothes and a cloak?

James frowned at the black button up and dark jeans he wore. He saw Sirius tugging at his belt as he tried to adjust it the way that Rodolphus had it earlier, with the bright silver buckle out front with his black shirt tucked in just behind it. Remus seemed to be doing alright as he just tried to keep the cloak secure over his black leather jacket and blue shirt.

It was confusing. But they would have their answers soon enough.

"Alright." James said just as they got to the library doors, "Ready?"

"Yeah." Sirius said and Remus just nodded, swallowing hard.

They walked into the library, keeping their cloaks pulled closely around their bodies so they didn't get more than a brief glance from madame Pinch as they walked by. They walked right down the middle, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible even though the library seemed empty until they spotted a head of dark hair at a table way at the back wearing a dark cloak of his own.

James took in a deep breath.

Now comes the hard part, they needed to convince Snape. He wasn't worried about Remus since he never ever tried to pick a fight with Snape but he'd had a lengthy conversation with Padfoot about this part.

*"You have to play nice. No insults no pranks, we can't afford to make him suspicious until we have the proof we need."*

Sirius had reluctantly agreed to do his best and not pick a fight with Snape. They're supposed to be masquerading as his friends, suddenly getting aggressive with the git would raise all sorts of alarms.

They kept walking until they reached the table. Snape looked up and...

He smiled.

The raven glanced over to the clock on the wall before getting up to put the book he'd been reading away, "You're right on time, for once."

He drawled and Sirius had to fight off the distinct urge to tell the prat where to get off.

"You're usually at least fifteen minutes late."

James cleared his throat, "Didn't want to leave you waiting, Sev."

It felt so weird saying the Slytherin's name let alone saying it like that.

Snape gave a scoff as he turned around and headed to the shelves around back. "Let's go then."

They all exchanged a look and followed behind the Slytherin.

Snape looked different. He looked... happier for one thing, which is a look they'd never seen on the raven but more than that he almost seemed to have more colour to his cheeks, his eyes seemed brighter and his hair... Merlin his hair looked clean.

Sirius had to say it, he couldn't stop himself.

"Got rid of the grease Snape?"

James gave him a sharp look and Remus looked like he wanted to facepalm. Thankfully Severus only seemed to roll his eyes in return.

"If you're asking if I was brewing today then no. You'll get your damn potion later, but I wanted my hair at least somewhat more manageable tonight."

Wait, so it gets like that because of brewing?

The marauders shared another look.

"Oh." Was all Sirius said just as they stopped at a bookshelf near the back, Snape took out his wand and tapped the edge of the shelf. The marauders could only watch as it slowly and silently slid open to reveal a dark corridor on the other side.

"Lumos." Snape said as he walked inside and the three alphas followed suit.

It was dead silent as they followed the raven down the dark empty hall, it made them nervous. If it was just the three of them then they'd probably chat a bit, talk about quidditch or how awful Slughorn's last class was or whichever new omega Sirius had his eye on that week. But with Snape they couldn't say a word.

What did Snape even talk about with his friends? They couldn't know for sure. The idea came to mind to talk about the Dark Mark and He-who-must-not-be-named but James didn't want to bring it up too soon, he didn't want to risk saying it the wrong way and tipping Snape off. Thankfully the exit in the library seemed to be charmed in some way as they quickly got to the end of the hall and Snape tapped the wall with his wand and a large patch of brick pulled apart and swung open like a door.

They were out in an alleyway, James realised that they'd stepped right out through the wall of Flourish and Blotts. As they made their way out through the alley, they were still uncomfortably quiet. James wished he could think of anything to say to break the silence. At this point they must seem incredibly creepy just following the Slytherin around silently, right? But what could he say?



“How did you manage to get out of Quidditch practice this time?”

Oh thank Merlin Snape broke the silence. But now they have to think of an answer.

It was late, there weren't that many people out on the sidewalks. Those that were there seemed to be either on their way to the Leaky Cauldron or out. No one paid attention to the three teens walking about in the open. The marauders were grateful for that much.

But of course, the question.

Did Slytherin practice on Saturday nights? Ouch.

He could almost feel Sirius' scoff.

They had to answer.

“I... Same one we used last time.” James said and Snape seemed to tense.

“Potter and his morons?”

James almost bristled at that but kept pushing on. “Yeah, good a reason as any right? Avery?”

“Yeah, a right pain in the arse that lot.” Remus said and he had to give an apologetic look to Sirius who only seemed to roll his eyes as he spoke.

“What excuse did we use last time again, I almost forgot.”

James wanted to know as well, he couldn't say he was happy about the fact that the Slytherin's were blaming things on them they possibly didn't do. *Possibly* being the operating word here since he couldn't be sure that they didn't in fact prank them in some way a month ago.

“Can we please not talk about those bastards right now?” Snape sneered and James was taken aback at the sheer animosity in his tone, “Those curs have been ruining my life since I started school, I'd prefer it if they didn't ruin tonight as well.”

Anger flared up, Sirius opened his mouth to throw an insult back when a sharp look from James as Evan Rosier stopped him short and reminded him of what they were doing. They were surprised when Remus spoke.

“Have they really been that bad?”

“You know the answer to that question.”

“Even Lupin?”

“Lupin.” Severus shook his head, “He's the worst of the lot. At least Potter and Black don't pretend. At least they have the decency to act like the mindless beasts they are, but Lupin? He's such a coward he can't even join along with them whenever they torment me.”

James looked back at Remus, his eyes were down focused on his feet, dark hair covering his eyes as he spoke. “Maybe he doesn't want to hurt you.”

“Then maybe he should do more than just stand there while his friends carry on!” Snape snapped and then let out a heavy sigh.

“I'm... sorry. It's just, you know I can't stand them.” Snape said and for a moment the marauders

were at a loss for what to do. James and Sirius looked at Moony with concern.

“Hogwarts was supposed to be an escape for me. The beginning of a new and better life. But they ruined it, like they ruin everything else.”

“It’s alright.” Remus managed to say and Sirius glared at the Slytherin about to give him a piece of his mind but Remus’ glare stopped him short.

‘Stop it.’ He hissed and Sirius bit down on his tongue.

James was still caught in his own thoughts, that’s why he couldn’t help but jump when the Slytherin suddenly moved into his side, pulling the now blonde’s arm around his waist as he spoke.

“I’m really grateful for what you did Evan.”

“What... I did?”

“The pocket watch, the one... the one I got from my mother before she...” Snape cut himself off shaking his head, “Black almost ruined it when he tossed my bag into the lake. The one thing my mother could give me before she died. Bastard probably wouldn’t even care if he knew what he almost did.”

At that Sirius tensed, he didn’t need to bite down his tongue this time as a sudden and unfamiliar feeling of guilt seeped into his veins.

Snape then looked up at James and smiled, “Thank you for fixing it. I was so panicked I couldn’t even think straight, let alone fix it myself.”

“Oh,” James cleared his throat and smiled, “Y-You’re welcome.”

Snape scoffed, “You’re always coming to my rescue these days, aren’t you? My knight in shining armour.” He drawled out with a smirk before leaning up and pressing a quick peck on his cheek. James was too shocked to react, “I still need to make it up to you.”

He kept walking.

James looked back at Sirius and Remus who were staring at him with wide eyes.

Rosier and Snape?! But when? How?!

Snape seemed to let out a heavy sigh of relief, “Finally.”

He said and they looked up. The marauders tensed when they realised that they were headed for Knockturn Alley.

So, this is a Death Eater meeting.

Knockturn Alley was as dark and shady as it always was. The marauders felt infinitely uncomfortable as they followed behind the Slytherin walking by clearly dark and cursed shops with every manner of horror openly displayed in the windows. They kept walking, waiting for the next thing, waiting to see a gathering of death eaters possibly out on the street or some dark store front with a sign that said *Voldemort worshippers welcome* or something. Instead Snape led them to a dingy little shop at the end of the Alley hidden away behind a grimy wall in a corner. There was a bolted wooden door. Snape knocked twice, once and then twice again.

The door swung open. A man appeared hiding behind the door with a heavy cloak covering his face.

“We’re closed, go away.” a low voice growled.

Snape rolled his eyes, “I’m looking for trouble.”

“What kind of trouble?”

“The fun kind.”

The man seemed to chuckle as he pulled the door open further.

“You’ll find it inside.”

Snape smirked as he stepped in. The marauders were hesitant to follow but...they’ve made it this far, right?

Following behind Snape, they jumped when the door was shut behind them and they were drenched in darkness.

Sirius resisted the urge to curse. Remus kept trying to squint through their surroundings when the sound of loud thumping music echoed around them just as a curtain was pulled to the side up ahead, filling the space with dim red lighting.

“Severus Snape.” The man from before said as he pulled down the hood of his cloak, to reveal a young man maybe mid-twenties early thirties, with dark brown hair and a cheeky grin on his face. “It’s always good to see you.”

Snape rolled his eyes, folding his arms over his chest. “Allen.”

“Don’t be so cold love, you know whenever you come in, you’re the best part of my day.” He stepped closer to the Slytherin who stepped back closer to James. James blinked when the man looked up at him and his lips pursed before he lifted his hands in surrender.

“Of course. I’m more than happy to give you your space.” He stepped aside and held the curtain open a little more before holding out his hand, “Your cloaks gentlemen.”

They took off their cloaks, wondering what on earth was going on when all thoughts were brought to an immediate halt as Snape removed his cloak and handed it to Allen.

“Wow.” The word left Sirius’ mouth before he could stop himself. Snape’s outfit, if you could even call it that was a pair of leather pants so tight, you’d swear they were painted on, seeming to be artistically ripped all over the thighs with thin fish netting underneath. Heavy studded boots, a tight red shirt with another black mesh shirt over that. A black leather cuff on his left wrist and to top it all off, a black leather collar around his neck. That with the way the Slytherin’s shoulder length hair seemed to cover half of his face... well-

The marauders were rendered speechless.

Snape looked back to see the looks on their faces. The cherry on top of their world of confusion, had to be how the Slytherin’s cheeks tinged into a flush that they could see the despite the flashing lights and red glow.

“Salazar, yes, alright! I’m wearing the outfit you bought for me.” Snape huffed, “I said I was going

to make it up to you remember?”

James couldn't speak. Not that Remus and Sirius were in much better shape.

The Slytherin then moved forward to whisper against James' ear, speaking loudly enough that Remus and Sirius would also be able to hear.

“I'll show you the underwear later.” He pulled back and turned to walk into whatever it is they were walking into. Three pairs of eyes went right down to the Slytherin's butt, which looked spectacular in those pants. How is he wearing anything under those-

It was James' turn to flush.

“Underwear?!” Remus squeaked and Sirius seemed to just stare with wide eyes.

James swallowed hard as he followed the Slytherin into the red glow and flashing lights and gaped.

It's... a club.

“What is happening?” he said as he looked over the hordes of people. Some were crowded around the bar others chatting and drinking at the tables scattered around, but most were on the dancefloor in the middle while loud thumping music almost seemed to echo right through them.

Alright, if this is a Death Eater meeting; then Voldemort might be on the right track.

Just then Severus moved back to grab Remus' hand with a smile.

“Avery, let's dance.”

“Dance?”

Snape dances?!

“I-“ Remus didn't know what to do, he didn't know what to say. He looked back at James and Sirius who seemed to be at a similar loss when Snape spoke again, calling out to James.

“Whiskey! We'll meet you at a table.”

James could do nothing more than stare after them as Snape dragged Remus into the crowd of people.

“James, James what is happening?” Sirius asked standing right by his friend's side and James sighed.

“I don't think this is a meeting mate.”

“So what, they've just been sneaking out to get sloshed? What now?!”

Late nights, every last Saturday, coming back looking sluggish, tired and ill... looking hungover James now realises.

Merlin they're idiots.

“I don't know!”

Sirius sighed, “Let's go get the drinks. I think I need one right now.”

They pushed their way through the crowd to get to the front of the bar. James was already reaching for his wallet; grateful he'd thought to bring it when-

"Rosier! LeStrange! Same as every month ey?" they looked up and saw the bartender who seemed to be filling drinks for other customers, exchanging it for money before giving the two a smile. "You lot are getting predictable."

James forced a smile, "You think so?"

The man scoffed, "The usual then, on your tab?"

"My tab yeah." James said with as much confidence as he could muster, "And whiskey--"

"For Severus?! So your little omega is here. Then again, I would've been pissed if you left him behind."

The two gaped, Sirius gasped, "Omega?"

The bar tender leaned over the bar a bit and smiled when he saw Snape dancing on the dance floor with who he clearly thought was Avery.

"There he is." The man scoffed again, shaking his head, "I don't understand how you can stand that. I wouldn't let my sub play around with other alphas even if they were my friends."

The words came in but they barely registered, James was too focused on-

"James!" Sirius hissed, "Snape is an omega?!"

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Oh sweet Merlin Severus Snape is an omega.

Remus had tensed considerably. Standing that close, with Snape moving against him like that, he could smell the omega's scent. Subtle but still sweet, comforting, warm. Vanilla, lavender and... wolfsbane, oddly.

Snape was in front of him, swinging his hips from one side to the other with his hands above his head before he turned around and put his hands on Remus's shoulders and kept doing what he was doing. Not knowing what else to do with his hands he put them on Snape's hips and tried to at least move along.

Merlin, Morgana, Godric, Salazar-anyone! What is happening?!

"Something wrong?" Snape suddenly asked, the enchanted music still thumping in their veins though they could hear each other perfectly, Remus cleared his throat.

"No, why would you--"

"You're barely touching me, barely even moving and you've been quiet. Except for bringing up Lupin of course." Severus said that last part quietly, "I don't understand why you said those things."

Remus swallowed hard, "I just... he doesn't seem as bad as the rest of them... right?"

"Honestly? He seems... decent."

“He does?”

“I already told you what the problem is with Lupin. I’d never be able to trust him.”

Remus’ lips pursed at that. He wondered if Severus’ distrust really had to do with his behaviour or if it had more to do with what happened in the shack last year. He had no idea of how to ask. Dumbledore swore the Slytherin to secrecy so its unlikely that he told his friends about what happened. And suddenly bringing up werewolves of all things would be way too risky.

Letting out a sigh Remus couldn’t stop himself from taking in a deep breath of the omegas scent. Still so warm, still so comforting. He never would have guessed that Snape was an omega, let alone one with such a welcoming scent. He leaned in a bit more, taking the in Slytherin’s scent at the top of his head-

“You smell lovely.” The words tumbled from his mouth before he could stop them. Severus just scoffed.

“I should hope so, Will.” He said and Remus blinked at how easily the normally sour Slytherin used the other’s name, “I haven’t had to deal with those idiots for a bit. Plus, I didn’t use the scent blockers this morning.”

“You didn’t?”

Scent blockers

That’s why he smelled like a beta.

“Merlin only knows what Potter’s imbeciles would do to me if they found out about my status.” Remus cringed at the shiver he could feel move through the raven at the thought. “But I’ve been trying to avoid using them too often. Especially after the last meeting.”

Remus frowned, “You were using scent blockers during the *last meeting*?”

“I know, I know it was a stupid idea but...” Snape let out a shuddering sigh, “Greyback made me feel like I didn’t have a choice

Greyback?

Remus tensed incredibly at the mention of the werewolf’s name. Fenrir Greyback, the monster, the werewolf that turned Remus into one as well. If Snape ran into him at some meeting then that means... that means the rumours were true.

Snape wasn’t looking at him, he wrapped his arms tighter around Remus’ neck as he spoke softly.

“Don’t tell Rosier. You know what a hothead he is sometimes, I don’t want him doing something stupid.” Snape took a deep breath, “A month ago when Lucius invited us? Greyback cornered me, told me that he wasn’t bothered by the fact that I was a half-blood. He’d been looking for a suitable omega to... breed and since I was a half-blood, he figured he could convince the Dark Lord to give me to him as a reward.”

“He did what?” Remus’ arms tightened around Severus’ waist.

“I was so panicked that when the meeting finally came around, I used scent blockers, hoping he wouldn’t notice, of course Lucius put a stop to it once he caught my scent. I got lucky, if the Dark Lord had been the one to figure it out... I don’t know what would have become of me.” Another

deep breath, “Again, don’t tell Rosier. I don’t want him stupidly going after a werewolf because of me.”

“Severus-“

“It’s fine really. I survive the marauders on a day to day basis, I think I’ll do alright with one unhinged werewolf. If nothing else it’ll give me the opportunity to work on my wolfsbane potion. Maybe I could get Greyback to give me a few samples.”

“What wolfsbane potion?”

“Right, Evan probably hasn’t told you.” Snape pulled back and a small pleased smile spread over his lips. “I want to try and get my mastery in potions after we graduate. I’ll have to study further first and then in order to qualify I need to either design a new potion or significantly improve on another. I got the idea to make a potion for werewolves. I’m aiming for a cure but, at this point I think just lessening the more harmful effects of transformation would be a good start.”

“Severus that’s, that’s incredible. I don’t know what to say.”

“You can stop teasing me for one.” Snape said with a roll of his eyes, “I know you don’t think much of my... *brewing fetish*, is that what you called it?”

“I-“

“Save it.” Severus scoffed though not unkindly, “Point is, there’s a silver lining to all this. I might have to deal with Greyback for a while but at least I’ll get something out of it.”

Remus’ frowned, “You could ask someone else for help.”

“Someone like who? If you haven’t noticed I don’t know any other were-“ Snape tensed considerably his eyes became distant and dark before he blinked and shook his head.

“Sev-“

“I don’t know any other werewolves. Greyback is my only choice at this point.”

“I could help you.”

Snape frowned at him, “And exactly where and when would you have met a werewolf?”

Remus couldn’t answer, only just remembering that he was supposed to be William Avery, not Remus Lupin.

“We’ll, think of something. Besides, you hate werewolves, don’t you?” that last part was said softly, “You shouldn’t have to deal with Greyback-“

“I don’t hate all werewolves.”

“You don’t?” Remus blinked in surprise. He’d have every right to-

“I’ve read all the papers, the testimonies and books. When people change like that they don’t have control over themselves, they hardly even know what they’re doing. They’re prisoners, trapped in the cage of a beast. How could anyone truly hate a mindless animal?”

“But-“

“The problem is with those that actually can think. The ones that think and feel and still choose to behave like heartless monsters. Greyback for all his faults, is at least honest about his behaviour, he makes no secret about the fact that he is a monster. Doesn’t deny it, doesn’t even try to pretend. It’s the ones that hide that I can’t stand. The one’s that pretend to be good and kind when they’re really anything but. Those are the people that I can’t stand.”

Remus was stunned into silence. What could he say to that? What could he even think?

“I-I’m sorry Severus.”

“For what?” Snape looked up at him in confusion, seeing the crestfallen look on Avery’s face.

“Really, what’s wrong? You’ve been so odd tonight.”

“I... nothing, everything’s fine. I just-“

And then Snape leaned up, pulling himself closer to the werewolf to give him a kiss. For what had to be the hundredth time that night he was shocked into silence. It was soft, gentle almost adoring. Snape pulled back, a light blush on his face as he spoke.

“Are you finally awake now?”

“I-yes.”

Snape scoffed, “Let’s go get our drinks. Maybe that’ll snap you out of whatever spell you’re in.”

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Sirius or rather Rodolphus, sat at the table on his own, taking large gulps of his drink just as Snape and Remus found their way over.

It was disturbing, the way Snape smiled when he caught sight of him before walking over. How he kept Remus or rather Avery’s hand locked in his own as they came closer.

How is it possible for the world to turn completely upside down in just a matter of minutes? First with Sirius actually starting to feel a bit guilty about the way that they’ve been treating Snape over the years and then with the discovery that Snape was an omega.

A fucking omega!

Since when?!

Sirius never caught any kind of a scent change around the big nosed prat, never even saw any of the subtle differences that omegas usually developed after presenting. But looking at him now, Sirius realised that the signs were there.

Snape’s always been somewhat smaller than most of the boys in their year, a little thinner. But with the Slytherin’s oversized robes and clothing it was never really clear Snape looked like under there.

As Snape came over and slipped into his seat beside Sirius, the Animagus couldn’t help but let his eyes move over the raven’s form. In this outfit, the differences were way more pronounced, everything from how his nose somehow didn’t seem quite as big, the slightly wider hips, right down to the way he seemed to fill out a bit so he wasn’t as deathly thin as he remembers seeing that day...



That day at the lake.

Sirius had to fight off another bout of guilt.

“Where’s Evan?” Snape asked and Sirius shrugged just as he took another gulp from his glass.

“Went to take a piss.”

“Oh?” Remus who’d arrived at the table with a light flush on his cheeks started as he turned back, “I think I might need to go as well.”

Sirius arched a brow at the werewolf before nodding in the general direction of where the bathrooms were according to the bartender Jasper.

He quickly disappeared into the crowd and Sirius went back to his previous perusal of Snape, somehow feeling like this was the first time he was actually seeing the Slytherin and maybe it was. Without even thinking about it, he leaned in to take a sniff of the raven. He smelled warm, comforting; like vanilla, lavender and what is that... cut grass maybe-

“Stop that.” Snape suddenly hissed as he picked up the bottle of whiskey on the table and filled the empty glass before him, “I told you I won’t use the blockers so often anymore.”

Scent blockers, so that’s why they couldn’t smell him.

Sirius quickly pulled off and gave a shrug, “Just checking.”

Snape rolled his eyes but still smiled, “What, you think I’ll disobey you?”

Sirius almost frowned, “Wouldn’t you?”

“Maybe, if you made it worth my while.” The Slytherin smirked as he sipped from his glass and Sirius paused because-

Is Snape flirting with him?

What the actual fuck? If he’s with Rosier, then-then why would he be flirting with *Rodolphus*? Why did he kiss *Avery* just a few moments ago? Sirius wondered as he remembered how Snape had leaned up to kiss Remus just before coming over to the table. That’s around the same time that James suddenly decided that he needed to use the bathroom.

*“I don’t understand how you can stand that. I wouldn’t let my sub play around with other alphas even if they were my friends.”*

So what, they’ve been sharing Snape? Is that what it is?

That actually made sense. It explained why that group always seemed so close. It explained why they seemed so protective of Snape. It gave more credibility to those stupid rumours at school really being stupid stupid rumours.

Sirius internally groaned at the thought.

Merlin they’re idiots.

“I’m glad those two gave us a minute, I wanted to talk to you about something.” Snape suddenly said and Sirius blinked.

“Talk about what?”

“About...” Snape took a deep breath and moved in a bit closer, “About my taking the mark.”

*‘I knew it!’*

Sirius tried not to react too obviously, “Oh?”

“Well,” Snape settled back into his seat and stared at the glass in his hands on the table, “This is more about Regulus than me.”

Sirius tensed at the mention of his brother’s name, “What about him?”

“It’s a mistake isn’t it? For him to want to take it so early?” Snape sighed, “It’s different for me, you know what my situation with my parents is but he’s so... he’s not like the rest of us and I know, I know that doesn’t matter but I was hoping that maybe, since you already have a contract with Bellatrix you could convince him to wait a bit at least.”

Regulus is planning on taking the mark? Sirius’ blood ran cold.

“Why?”

“Why what?”

“Why is he taking the mark?”

“Why do you think?” Snape scoffed, “I might be a poor half-blood but I don’t envy him that family he has. Sirius Black is bad enough but from what Reg told me about his mother... he doesn’t think he has a lot of options.”

Walburga Black, of course. Of course their curse of a mother is behind this.

“It might’ve been different, if his brother wasn’t such an absolute twat. If Black was even half decent maybe he could’ve stopped Regulus from doing it. But you know what that half brained mongrel is like.” Snape shook his head, “My father might be an abusive bastard, but at least I’ve always been alone. Regulus had someone; he had an older brother now he has no one too.”

The words cut through him like glass. Sirius was too shocked to respond. The mess with his family had always been a mess, but Sirius had hoped that somehow the mess with his mother wouldn’t affect Regulus. He was always so well behaved, did everything their parents told them. Sirius was the black sheep of the family, the abortion Walburga should have had, he never imagined that Regulus would suffer anything in his absence. He thought he’d be fine.

But then Regulus came to Hogwarts, first he was sorted into Slytherin and then he started hanging around Snape of all people. It was just one bad thing after another and every time he tried to talk to Regulus he just, somehow, he always managed to say the wrong thing and his brother would just slip further and further away from him.

And then there was Snape, the person who was Sirius’ personal victim was suddenly planning out to be one of Regulus’ closest friends. Sometimes Sirius thought that Regulus was doing it on purpose. Hanging around the one person he hates just to spite him but soon enough he realised that Regulus barely even noticed he was there when Snape was nearby. They seemed to just genuinely get along.

Sirius was confused. He didn’t get it. What did Regulus see in the stupid bat that he didn’t? Why is

it that they always seemed so close?

Sirius saw them around each other quite often, even more so since Snape and Evans fell out. He'd watch as they spoke quietly in the Great hall or in the library, in the hallways between classes. Every time it would annoy and irk him how easily they could just be around each other.

As opposed to what it was like if he even glanced in Snape's direction. As opposed to how Regulus would react to his brother even trying to talk to him.

He always wondered, he couldn't understand it. It just-

"Is something going on between you and Regulus?" Sirius asked without even thinking about it and Snape seemed to roll his eyes hard.

"Don't start Rodolphus, I'm trying to have a serious conversation here."

"Start with what-"

"I told you, Regulus and I just surprisingly have a lot in common, that's all. Plus, he's..." Snape sighed as he took another sip from his drink, letting out a soft hiss. "He's a good person, sweet." Snape was staring into his glass, "You know sometimes I look at him and wonder how it is that he and *the other one* are related. Then I look into his eyes and they have the same eyes then I wonder if there was ever a time when Sirius Black wasn't an absolute twat."

Despite the insult Sirius just stayed quiet as Snape shook his head and kept going, "Enough about the mutt, look my point is, Regulus is too young. You said it yourself a week ago right so... just talk to him, could you do that for me?"

If Regulus would even breathe in his direction then maybe Sirius would. He has no doubt in his mind that even if he tried to talk to his little brother, the younger Black would probably just ignore him.

Sirius swallowed hard before reaching for his own drink again, "If you're so close then why don't you do it?"

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Regulus said that if I don't take the mark then neither will he." Snape took a larger gulp from his glass this time before reaching for the bottle to refill, "But you know my situation. This is the only way forward. I don't have anything else-"

"That can't be true."

"I'm a poor half-blood with a dead disgraced pureblood mother and a soulless wretch of a muggle for a father. Lucius has promised me everything I could ever desire just by doing this one thing. He'll be sponsoring me so I can attend university and get my mastery once I graduate." Snape drawled matter-of-factly even though Sirius could hear the way his tone dropped and the raven's eyes dropped back down to his drink. "Tell me Rodolphus, what other options do I have?"

Sirius paused, "Well, the headmaster could probably-"

"If Albus Dumbledore gave a single shitty sod about me and my well fair, the bleeding marauders wouldn't be free to torment me every day purely because I decided to go to lessons, or sit down to

study or just wanted spend a little time with my friends.” Snape let out a humourless scoff. “The only reason I’ve been able to relax lately is because of you lot. Its been such a relief, not constantly being worried about them trying to kill me every waking moment of everyday. I’m not even sure why you’d suggest him, you have a terrible sense of humour.”

For what had to be the tenth time that night, Sirius was rendered speechless. He didn’t know what to say.

He didn’t need to though, before he could manage a response Snape had leaned over to press a kiss on his lips. Sirius tensed before Snape pulled back with a slight smile, “Thank you, by the way.”

Sirius swallowed hard, “For what?”

“Evan told me you were the one who suggested to keep a closer eye on me.” Snape said still leaned in close to the other and Sirius was able to smell that scent just a little bit clearer. “Not that I’m particularly happy about you all playing my watchdogs but... it really has been a relief Roddy. Thank you.”

“I... you’re welcome.”

Severus’ head gave a tilt, “Are you feeling alright?”

Sirius blinked, “Yeah, I’m fine why?”

“I don’t know, you just seem odd somehow. Avery seemed off too. Did something happen?”

Again, Sirius didn’t know what to say, so he did the first thing he could think of. He put a hand on the back of Snape’s neck and pulled him in for another kiss.

The Slytherin squeaked, his eyes widening in slight surprise for a moment before he leaned into it, wrapping his arms around Sirius’ neck and letting out a soft moan.

Some part of his brain was screaming at him.

Oh dear sweet Merlin, he’s kissing Snape! The rest of his brain – Sirius vehemently refuses to accept that it’s the part that isn’t ruled by his alpha - didn’t really see why that was necessarily such a bad thing. Snape is an omega and apparently Rosier, Avery and Lestrangle were in some sort of weird relationship with him. And he’s supposed to be Lestrangle right now right, so it would be weirder if he didn’t try to kiss Snape.

It had nothing to do with guilt or shame from how they’ve been treating the Slytherin over the past few years. It had nothing to do with the realisation that Severus might be his best way of fixing things with his brother. It certainly had nothing to do with Snape’s outfit and the shocking realisation that he may be potentially attracted to the snarky prat.

Of course not!

He just has a cover to maintain that’s all. They need to keep Snape convinced. And since Snape is an omega and in some sort of weird relationship with Rosier, Avery and Lestrangle... well I mean-

Sirius broke the kiss and Snape’s eyes fluttered open, those pitch-black eyes for once not staring at him with hate and disgust but lust and dare he say it? Affection.

Sirius lifted a hand to cup the side of Snape’s face, brushing his thumb against the omega’s flushed cheek when said omega suddenly frowned.

His nose twitched and then-

“What is that?”

“What’s what?”

“You smell, different somehow...” Sirius’ eyes went wide when he realised-

The scent blocker. It only works as a mask, it can’t stop pheromones.

“Almost like-“

Sirius immediately stood up, “Uh, how about a dance?”

Snape blinked, “Since when do you dance?”

Sirius cleared his throat, before taking a deep breath to try and calm his alpha down and will his pheromones from leaking. He shrugged giving a smile, “There’s lots you don’t know about me Sev. C’mon.”

Snape looked up at him in confusion before reaching for his drink to quickly finish it off before taking Sirius’ hand.

“Alright.”

XX

He got directions to the bathroom from Jasper.

First, he splashed some water on his face. Then he took a few deep breaths. Then he looked up at the mirrors in front of the basins only to freeze when he saw blonde hair and bright green eyes staring back at him. Then he splashed some more water on his face and leaned against the sink to take a few deep breaths.

Godric this is all so fucked up.

Not only were they wrong about the rumours but they were wrong about Snape too. He’s an-an omega and-and dating Rosier apparently.

Or maybe Avery.

James thought back to just a few minutes ago when he saw Snape lean up to kiss Avery or Remus... or Avery.

The sight was so shocking James just needed to get away for a moment. Just to breathe and think about... something!

It was just so different.

The whole night so far Snape wasn’t the snarky hateful bastard that he usually dealt with. He was witty and bright and warm and, alright, maybe he was still a bit snarky but he smiled at James instead of sneering at him. Moved into his side for comfort instead of reaching for his wand to hex

him and then-and then Snape kissed him. He blushed after revealing his outfit and still smiled as he walked out to go dance with Remus.

He was just so different.

Has Snape always been that different?

The one thing that got James more than anything however was the Slytherin's eyes. Usually whenever he was around the marauders, those large black eyes were filled with nothing but hate and revulsion but that whole night, they were nothing but endless dark pools of warmth and affection.

Honestly if James didn't know any better, he'd swear Snape wore a glamor at school.

The Gryffindor sighed at the thought.

"James?" a voice suddenly hissed out just as the bathroom door opened and James couldn't help but tense when he saw Remus-Avery-no-Remus walk in the door. The memory of what happened just before he left came back to him. How Snape had leaned up almost on his toes and kissed him. James felt something unpleasant stir in his chest.

Remus let out a sigh, "There you are. Everything alright?"

James turned back to the sink to splash some water on his face again. "It's fine."

"Well, good." Remus seemed to pause, looking around the room to see that the bathroom was surprisingly vacant, none of the stalls were closed. Lucky break.

"I wanted to talk to you about, Sev-Snape. I wanted to talk about Snape."

James let out a heavy sigh as he dragged his hands over his face. "What about him?"

"You-you were right the rumours are true."

"What rumours?"

"The ones about you-know-who."

James head snapped up, "How do you know?"

"He-he told me, well he told Avery."

"Son of a--"

He should've known. He's such an idiot. To think for a moment, he'd almost thought... he almost believed-

"James wait!" Remus said as he moved towards the other, "It's not what you think. It's not what anyone thinks. I don't think Snape wants to take the mark. I think he just thinks that he doesn't have a choice."

James just blinked, "What?"

"I think we can help him, if he'll give us a chance but," Remus stepped even closer, "But I think it's worth a try."

“We need to get back.” James said as he headed right for the door only for Remus to grab his arm.

“What-why?”

“You said he told you he’s been meeting you-know-who. Your memory’s enough proof.”

“But NO!”

James stopped to look at him, “No?”

Remus took a deep breath, “I don’t think we should turn him in.”

“Why not?”

“Because he needs help and I want to try and help him.”

“And this has nothing to do with him kissing you, right?”

Remus flushed, “You saw that?”

James huffed as he turned to leave, Remus quickly rushed out after him to catch up. Down the dimly lit hallway and back onto the main club floor.

“James!”

“Save it Moony, I already decided. We’re finishing this once and for all.”

“But we can’t.”

“Why because he’s an omega and your alpha’s decided to turn you into an idiot?”

“No, because if we out Snape right now then he could out me as a werewolf and tell everyone everything. Did you think about that?”

James stopped and Remus seemed to let out a sigh as he went to stand in front of his friend.

“Look, I’m not saying that you should suddenly start playing nice with him but... but I want to help him. So can’t you at least hold off, for my sake?”

James took in a deep breath, “Why, it can’t just be because he’s an omega and I refuse to believe that Snape is that good of a kisser-“

“It’s because of Greyback.”

“Greyback?”

“I told you about him, he’s the one that. The one that bit me when I was a baby.” A dark look came over Remus’ face settling in those unfamiliar brown eyes and James frowned. He remembers Moony telling them about what the psychopathic werewolf did-

“What does he have to do with this?”

“Severus said Greyback cornered him at one of those meetings and promised to turn him into his breeder.” James tensed and Remus couldn’t help but growl, “I couldn’t protect myself, but if I can protect at least one person from that monster then I’ll be happy.”

James stayed silent while Remus continued, “Besides, I want to help Snape. I want to make things

right. You know how I've felt about all this, especially after last year. So for me, just let me try to help Snape."

James looked at Remus and shook his head as he started walking again, "Remus- oh bloody hell."

Remus had just started following his friend when James stopped all over again and cursed, he looked up at the direction where James was looking and gaped.

Some distance away, was the dancefloor, still just as crowded as before; only now that they were close enough, they could see two particular figures dancing near the edge. Rodolphus and Snape.

The taller teen's hands were all over Snape as they danced – If you could really call that dancing – there was a deep flush on Snape's face. Rodolphus leaned in to say something against his ear and it went a shade darker. The Slytherin hit the taller one on the arm and the alpha just laughed as he picked Snape up and turned him around only to immediately lock eyes with James when he did and freeze.

"You two aren't going to give me much of a choice, are you?" James huffed as he walked closer and Remus followed.

Snape was staring at Sirius in confusion as the alpha quickly ushered him off the dancefloor and back to their previous table. They all seemed to arrive at the same time.

Snape smiled at James, "Where did you disappear to?"

"Bathroom." He said shortly locking eyes with Sirius who was now sporting a flush of his own as he awkwardly cleared his throat.

"We were just... uh-"

"Oh Salazar." Snape suddenly said as he looked to the side and saw Jasper waving him over. The raven let out a sigh as he pushed away from the table, "I should go say hello before he starts spiking our drinks or something." He leaned up and quickly pressed a kiss on Sirius' cheek before smiling at the others.

"Be right back."

Snape walked away; Sirius very obviously watched him go only to let out a yelp as he was suddenly swatted on the head.

"OW! What was that for?"

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" James hissed and Sirius swallowed hard.

"Well Seve-Snape wanted to dance so I was just making sure we didn't blow our cover-OW!"

James swatted him again, "Sure you were, have the two of you gone insane? Have you forgotten why we're here? You can't be going soft on Snivellus, now of all times!"

"What-" Sirius looked at Remus and frowned, "What do you mean going soft?"

Remus shrugged, a bit awkwardly, "I just suggested to James that maybe we should hold off on Sev-Snape, for a bit."

"Snape told Remus about the meetings and now Moony's trying to pull out." James explained folding his arms over his chest, expecting Sirius to be just as outraged as he is only-



“Actually, I don’t think that’s a terrible idea.”

James gaped, “You can’t be serious-“

“Snape said that Regulus is going through a tough time and he might try to take the mark as well, but I think-“ Sirius let out a deep breath, “I think if we can fix things with Snape I could get through to Regulus and he won’t go through with it.”

James’ eyes narrowed down at the Animagus, “Did he kiss you?”

“Yeah just now-“

“No, no. I mean like he did with Remus?”

Sirius flushed.

“Oh you have got to be fucking kidding me!”

“It doesn’t matter if he kissed me or... Sirius.” Remus suddenly said, “What matters is that we have more things to worry about. First is the possibility of Snape outing me and second is Regulus’ safety, so now you see James we couldn’t possibly turn him in.”

James looked between his friends and then looked back to Snape. The Slytherin laughed, actually laughed at something that the bartender said before glancing back at the table and he smiled. It was warm and adoring and the marauders each felt their hearts melt a little. Except for James of course. Because James would never!

“How about...” Remus started, “How about we think about it? Just for one night and maybe decide tomorrow. How’s that?”

James looked up at Sirius who was looking at him expectantly and he let out a sigh of frustration.

“Alright fine. But we leave right now.”

“Fine.” Remus said as he turned and he quickly went to go get Snape. They watched as the Slytherin turned to face him, frowned and then just shrugged. Remus took his hand and the raven just leaned into him.

James looked back at Sirius to see a smile on his face as he watched the pair and he snapped.

“What’re you smiling at?”

Sirius looked like he wanted to protest before just rolling his eyes, “The same thing you’re looking at.”

James just huffed.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Surprisingly Snape didn’t protest when he found out that Evan wanted to leave.

“I said I wanted to get back early anyway.”

He’d said and James was thankful for that much at least.

They made the walk back to Diagon Alley and into the Library without too much effort.

Discovered yet another entrance that went from the library to another hallway in the castle thanks to Snape, so they didn't have to worry about not getting out through there.

Now, they're making their way down the halls back to the Slytherin common room.

The whole trip there, James was forced to endure it as Remus and Sirius were suddenly just super comfortable around Snape. Engaging him in conversations about potions class with Slughorn and Slytherin's next match against Hufflepuff. Honestly for a moment James didn't recognise his friends.

Then again, he didn't really recognize Snape either.

Snape laughed, Snape smiled, Snape rolled his eyes and snarked at Sirius and then Remus and then smirked when the insults seemed to hit. Insults neither seemed to mind much since they were clearly tailored towards LeStrange and Avery.

It was disturbing.

"You're so quiet."

James looked down at Snape to see the Slytherin walking right beside him just as they walked down the stairs to the dungeon. Those dark dark eyes filled with curiosity and... concern? Now there's a look Snape has never given him.

"You've been quiet all night."

James cleared his throat, "Just tired."

"You've been tired before, usually you get moody and snap at anything that moves. I feel like something else is wrong." He said slipping his hand into James' and the Gryffindor had to stop himself from reacting too obviously.

"I said I'm fine." He said trying to think of anything to change the subject, "That watch your mother gave you? Is it some sort of heirloom?"

Snape shrugged, "Yes, she got it from my grandparents before she was disowned."

"Grand parents?"

"I told you about them, didn't I?" Snape frowned and shook his head. "Lord and Lady Prince."

Sirius seemed to cut in and his eyes went wide, "You're the last heir to the Prince bloodline."

Snape didn't seem to register the shock in his voice, "Yes yes Rodolphus I know. But like I said before. My mother's dead, if my grandparents haven't come to claim me by now, I doubt they ever would."

The marauders shared a look before James spoke. "Why was she disowned?"

"She fell in love with a muggle and then she fell pregnant then they kicked her out. My mother never went into any details but... if they didn't want me then I doubt they'd want me now."

"You think you're the reason they disowned her?"

Severus frowned, "What else would it be?"

“Why did they give her the watch?”

“I don’t know-” Severus shook his head again, “Look, it doesn’t matter. It’s history, there are better things to look forward to in the future.”

James frowned, “Like the mark?”

Snape looked up at him and then shrugged. “Why not?”

James’ jaw clenched, “What if you didn’t go through with it? What if you had another choice?”

The other Marauders were silent at this point.

“Like what?”

“I don’t know, like me!”

Snape stopped and looked at him in shock. Remus and Sirius stopped as well, James resisted the urge to flush and of course failed miserably.

“So you want to be disowned like my mother, is that what this is? You remember what your parents are like, don’t you? It wouldn’t matter to them that I was an omega. I’m not *pure*.” Snape asked and James opened his mouth before shutting it again. Snape seemed to scoff as he moved forward and pressed a soft kiss on James’ lips, lingering for just a moment. Before he didn’t notice and then they found out that Snape was an omega, so he started actively trying to avoid it but just then James couldn’t stop himself from taking in a deep breath of the omega’s scent just as he pulled back. Vanilla, lavender and...broomsticks? It felt warm comfort-

“Being with you three, having your friendship has been... a relief, a real escape. But I can’t ignore reality forever and I don’t plan to.”

“But-“

“You’re absolutely mad, you know that?” Snape said as he took James’ hand and kept walking, “But I won’t be responsible for ruining someone else’s life.”

They went silent.

Just like how the evening started the marauders were silent as they followed the Slytherin. Through the dungeons and into the common room. They walked Snape all the way back to what they discovered was his dorm room but paused just outside the door.

Snape looked at James.

“You’re not coming in?”

“I... just a second.”

Snape arched a brow at them but still shrugged as he walked inside.

“Alright.”

He went into the room, the door closed behind him.

“Alright fine, we won’t... we won’t report him.” James hissed.

Remus beamed at him and Sirius gave him a hearty slap on the back, "I knew you'd come around James."

"What are we going to do?" Remus asked, James dragged a hand through his hair.

"I don't know yet, but we'll think of something. Right now, we need to ditch these clothes. We'll figure out the rest later."

"Evan?"

They heard Severus call and James took a deep breath, "Hold on."

James opened the door, stepped inside and-

"Oh dear sweet Godric."

Somehow when Severus asked him if he was *coming in*, the words didn't really register the way they were meant to. In his head, he figured that Snape and Rosier were dormmates and that's why he said what he did. Despite all that happened that night he didn't think... he never even imagined.

There was just one bed in the room which was decked out in the usual silver and green, so clearly it only belonged to Snape. So, Slytherin each get their own dorm rooms well that's just not fair-

James had to force himself to focus. Because on this bed in the middle of the room decked out in silver and green was a dark haired Slytherin; with his hair down, wearing nothing but black silk stockings with a pair of black silk panties with lace detailing and garter belts keeping the underwear and the stockings connected.

Snape got off the bed and moved forward to throw his arms around James' neck and seal their lips in a deep kiss. James had to, yet again, fight his brain to stay coherent as he was enveloped in Snape's smell and Severus' arms and Severus was moaning as he opened the omega's mouth to slip his tongue inside and his alpha was purring at him in the most salacious way.

"Oh sweet Morgana."

That was Sirius.

Severus broke the kiss and James finally looked up to realise that he had his arms around the raven's waist. He flushed a horrible dark red when he saw his friends staring at Severus with wide eyes.

"I told you I'd make it up to you." Severus' head gave a tilt, "Are they staying again?"

*Again?!*

"Yes!" Sirius said immediately while Remus stood perfectly still, his face as red as a tomato.

James looked at Severus, "I-"

And then Severus frowned, "Wait, what is that?"

"What?"

"You smell different." And then Severus looked at the other two, "So do you."

"Uh, actually Snape-Severus-Sev! We should go." James said steering the omega back to his bed

to sit him down on the spread. Severus seemed to blink in surprise.

“What? Why?”

“I just remembered we need to go... we need to do something.” James said pressing one more kiss on Severus’ lips before rushing to the door.

“Do what?”

“Just just things.” James said grabbing hold of Sirius’ arm to forcibly drag him from the room. Remus had already hurried outside. “Get some sleep, I’ll see you later.”

“But-“

“How about I stay and you guys can go?” Sirius said just as the door shut and Severus just stared at the door in confusion before letting out a huff as he fell back on the bed.

~ THREE WEEKS LATER ~

Severus was annoyed.

He’d been called into Dumbledore’s office for who knows what less than ten minutes before lunch just as he was finishing off a potion, though he’s sure he’s done nothing wrong. He never really does anything wrong. The reason he usually got called to the headmaster’s office was because of Potter and the rest of his hair brained friends.

But nothing has happened with Potter and his friends. If anything, the marauders seemed to do everything they could to stay out of his way. Don’t misunderstand, its not like Severus wanted to get their attentions on him, but it was still very strange and since he was first forced to deal with those twits he learned that it’s just better to be a little bit cautious.

It didn’t help that Evan and the other’s have been behaving so oddly.

Ever since they went to the Seventh Circle a few weeks ago Rosier, Avery and Lestrange have been odd. They seemed paranoid and just generally off. It started off the morning after they went out. Rosier came to his room the way he always did but when Severus questioned him on why he left so abruptly the night before the blonde had looked at him like he’d grown a second head.

Severus had to go over everything that happened the night before. From their strange behaviour to his abrupt exit and those odd scents. Evan had stared at him in silence before just giving him a kiss and leaving.

Ever since then they seemed to just be on edge and Severus couldn’t for the life of him figure out why.

Its been a tense few weeks and now he’s being called into the headmaster’s office.

But what on earth for?

Severus had thought for a moment that maybe the airheaded headmaster had found out about their late-night escapades or maybe even worse... found out about the meetings they snuck off to sometimes. But those thoughts were easily dismissed. In both cases they would’ve all been called

in, not just Severus and if he found out about the meetings then Aurors would have snatched them up right in front of everyone.

So what's going on?

He reached into the pocket of his robe, feeling for the pocket watch that he almost always kept on his person these days. After Black's stunt he'd become wary of ever leaving it anywhere, even in his dorm room.

Before his mother passed, she'd given him the pocket watch. Tired hands had unwrapped the white embroidered handkerchief before she gave him a weak smile and said,

*"This will always show you the way home."*

He hadn't known what she meant at the time. He still doesn't know. But it felt comforting just having it with him. After his mother died, Tobias almost immediately got to work selling off all the belongings that she had managed to hide from him before. The watch was all he had so he made sure to never let his father set eyes on it. It was almost ruined a few weeks ago, but thankfully Evan had managed to save it.

Bloody Evan...

*"Like what?"*

*"I don't know, like me!"*

Severus swears he'd almost felt his heart stop for a moment. Evan had always been a little unbalanced but what he'd proposed right at that moment was nothing short of madness considering their circumstances. And yet, Severus had felt his heart warm for just the briefest moments even as he turned the other down.

In another world, if their circumstances had been different Severus would have said yes in a heartbeat, but their circumstances weren't different and if nothing else, Severus prides himself on being a realist.

Severus just shook his head as he got to the gargoyle and said the password Slughorn had given him, before going inside and making his way to the headmaster's office.

When he got there; he saw the office as it usually was in its usual set of disarray only, there were two people sitting in the chairs in front of Dumbledore's desk.

The headmaster gave him a smile as he stood, "Ah Mr. Snape. I'm glad to see you didn't waste any time."

The moment the man spoke the two people in the room turned to look at him. They were both dressed smartly, rich textured robes of red and black for the woman and green and black robes for the man. They seemed older, not quite Dumbledores age. Somewhere in their fifties. The man had dark eyes and regal features, he had long black hair with grey stripes pulled back and tied at the base of his neck. The woman had long brown hair that she also had tied up and away from a soft kind face and those emerald green had seemed to immediately fill with tears the moment she set eyes on him.

Severus paused, "Headmaster... What's-"

"Edmund, Edmund, just look at him." It was then that Severus noticed that she had a white

embroidered handkerchief clutched in her hands as she slowly got up from her seat. "Look, he looks just like our girl."

The man had only stared at him in silence, not saying a word and not moving.

Severus was sufficiently freaked out. It didn't help that the woman immediately moved forward and wrapped him in a hug, causing the Slytherin to tense tremendously.

"Oh, you're so... big!" She said pressing a kiss on his temple and Severus continued to just stand completely still, until she put her hands in his hair, "Oh... dear, well this is a family malady I'm afraid, but this is wonderful! This must mean that you're a brewer just like your mother."

That's when Severus pulled away, taking two full steps back as he stared at the woman.

"My mother?" the woman seemed to suddenly remember herself at his reaction and shrank back, "Who are you?"

The woman seemed to look back at the man but he still didn't say anything.

"Yes, well. I think some introductions are in order." Dumbledore said brightly, clearly not reading the mood in the room. "Mr Snape, this is Lord Edmund and lady Katherine Prince. I believe they're your grandparents."

Severus' eyes went wide, "My-my grandparents?"

"There's a pocket watch your mother had; it was silver with ruins engraved on it. Three emerald stones around the symbol of a crown." The man suddenly said calmly as he kept his eyes on the boy. Severus had to resist the distinct urge to reach for the watch in his pocket. "Do you have it?"

Severus just looked back at the man, "I don't understand."

"Please, if you have it." The woman said, "Please."

Severus paused for a brief moment trying to fight back the shock as he reached into his pocket and took out the watch, he moved forward and held it out to Edmund who seemed to let out a sigh as he took it.

"We gave this to Eileen the day she left, hoping that she'd return someday."

"Severus." Katherine started as she took a step closer to him, "I want you to know that we loved your mother very dearly, more than life itself. But she was so enamoured by that man no matter what we said we couldn't keep her away from him. And then, you were conceived and she wanted to leave to be with him. We begged her not to go but Merlin." Katherine let out a soft chuckle, "Your mother was strong-willed and stubborn, so proud. We thought-we thought the only way to get through to her is to threaten to disown her. But she still left, so we thought that if we cut her off surely, she'll come back to ask for help but... she was so stubborn."

Katherine took in a deep breath as she took Severus' hand and he let her lead her to her previous seat and he sat down, "After you were born we sent letters asking if we could see you but, we never got any reply we sent messengers and they were sent away. Your *father* refused to let them in, he refused to even let them see Eileen and according to Ministry laws we had no grounds to try and demand and see either of you. So we just waited and hoped that she'd come home someday."

"I gave her this watch the day she left." Edmund finally said after staring at the silver trinket and turning it around in his hands. Severus looked up at him and frowned as he opened the cover and

then took out his wand.

“*Domum.*” He said and tapped the watch with his wand.

Immediately a warm bright light started to shine from the watches face and Severus blinked when he noticed a large red dot start glowing on the back of Edmund and Katherine’s left hands. The older man smiled.

“I told Eileen that if she ever wants to come home, all she has to do is ask. She was our only child I couldn’t possibly abandon her but Merlin she was so stubborn and that man... If I didn’t already know he was a muggle I would have thought that he was using love potions on her.”

A wand tap and then it would glow. Tobias broke Eileen’s wand. Severus had to desperately hide his own every time he came home just to make sure that he didn’t break it. It was always locked away, kept out of sight.

All this time...

Severus just stared back at Edmund and only one question came to mind at the time.

“Why are you here?”

Edmund tapped the watch again to stop the glow and then handed it back to the teen. “We got word that Eileen had died and was buried before we’d even had the chance to say goodbye. We’d gone to the ministry to enquire about you, specifically to ask about gaining guardianship over you but... with Tobias Snape still alive and well, we were informed that we had no right to try and claim you and that he would be able to issue a complaint of harassment if we try to contact you.”

“But then last week the most wonderful thing happened Severus.” Katherine said, she hesitated before just giving in to her impulses and reached out to put a hand on his shoulder. Severus tried not to tense.

“We got a letter. A request to arrange a meeting to negotiate a marriage contract for your hand.”

Severus’ eyes went wide.

“A what?”

“There’s no need to be shy.” Katherine soothed, “Your suitor seems to speak very highly of you and you seem very close, he’s already told us of his attempts to court you and now of course the desire to secure a marriage contract.”

Severus was so confused.

“Suitor?”

Katherine just kept going, “It’s because of the letter his family sent to us that we were informed of your status. An omega! Oh Severus you have no idea how happy I was to find out about this. We’d gone to the ministry before to see if you were on any registries but you weren’t so to find out about this-“

How on earth do they know about-

“What does that have to do with this?”

“When an omega is born, its Ministry law that the child be placed in the care of whichever side of



the family is more dominant or rather whichever family has the most power and therefore has the resources to properly protect and care for the child.” Dumbledore, who was somehow still in the room, explained with that insipid twinkle in his eye.

Severus couldn’t even glare. There was a lot of information being thrown at him all at once.

“What does that mean?”

“It means that you’ll be in our custody from today moving forward.” Edmund supplied, “You’re of course free to see your father whenever you wish but you will live with us and be under our care.”

He’ll be able to leave Tobias...

His head spun a little. Something in Severus’ chest almost gave in at that but he couldn’t, he needs to focus, there’s still so much that hasn’t been explained.

He has a suitor? Severus doesn’t have a suitor! Who the bloody hell would-

Oh Salazar, Rosier.

Did he actually do it?

That deranged psychopathic-

“E-Exactly what is my suitor’s name?”

Katherine shared a look with Edmund and the woman smiled, “You see Edmund I told you, breaking hearts all over school with his brilliance.”

Edmund shook his head and let out a soft scoff.

“He’s from a very prominent and influential family. From what we understand you’re both in the same year and share all of your classes, he’s informed us of the fact that you’ve been courting for quite some time now.”

Rosier that mental case. If Severus wasn’t so happy right now, he’d strangle the blonde git!

“Ah, it seems he’s arrived.” Albus said and they looked up to see the entrance to the gargoyle open up. Severus couldn’t stop himself from getting up from his seat.

Rosier, that wonderfully demented unhinged-

Severus froze and he felt his stomach drop. Because the person that just stepped into the room wasn’t Evan Rosier.

He had chaotic black hair and hazel brown eyes behind the frame of a pair of spectacles, wearing red and gold colours.

“Potter?!”

The Gryffindor smiled as he came closer, Severus couldn’t help but take a step back.

“What is happening?”

“Severus really, there’s *really* no need to pretend.” Katherine soothed, “James has told us all about your relationship, the courting, all the time you’ve spent together how desperately you two love

each other.”

Severus’ brain was malfunctioning, “How – what-“

“It’s alright Sev, you don’t have to say anything.” Potter said as he stopped right in front of the dumbstruck Slytherin, “I’ve told them all about us there’s no reason to hide now.”

“Hide?!”

And then James reached out and wrapped his arms around Severus’ waist, dragging him forward to press a kiss on the Slytherin’s lips and then Severus caught it... that scent... that scent he caught the night he went out with Rosier and the others.

The kiss broke.

“Oh bloody hell...” he gasped staring at the Gryffindor in shock and James grinned.

“I know.” James smirked, “You’re going to make the perfect omega bride.”

And with that Severus’ world went black.

James made sure he was holding onto the omega so he didn’t slip to the floor but he still went limp in his grasp. Katherine gasped immediately rushing over to check on him and Edmund stood up as well.

“Severus! Oh dear are you alright?!”

“He’s fine. Just overwhelmed.” James said and Edmund frowned at him. “You’re sure?”

“If I know my Sev, he’s just excited.”

“Really?”

“Yes.” James beamed, “Absolutely ecstatic.”

## End Notes

A/N:

So yeah

Please review

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